
Title: History of Richard 4

Author: Beowulf Thormear

Richard sat on the same
rock as he had sat
before, the area looked
much different in his
mind as it had in reality,
he preferred the black
forest to be out of
sight, his father's
memory did not exist to
him anymore, the forest
which had kept him
captive was nothing.
Picking up a rock, Richard
tossed it in the still
waters, causing the stone
to skip several times,
rippling the glassy surface
at its passing. Richard
studied himself, a peasant
boy's garb was draped
over his form, patches of
dirt and grass lay matted
to the garments, speaking
of a long day's play. For
once he did not feel the
cold embrace of steel,
the blade at his side did
not exist anymore, for
once he tasted the
freedom of childhood. He
was a boy again.

"Terangal, did you
gather the boy's ashes?
I want a burial for him; I
shall mourn the death of
my wasted time, rather
than for my useless
offspring." The High
Advocate trudged down
the stone steps of the
cave, cursing as
perspiration began to
form on his brow.

The High Advocate
reached the bottom,
staring out into the
heated inferno of flame;
a shocked look of total
surprise crossed his face,
sending him stumbling back
into the cave entrance.

“Father, I have passed
your test and killed your
Zealot. On this day I am
known as a sword master
of the way, the teacher
of many, the defiler of
pain, and the leader of
your people.” The child
walked over the molten
flooring, gracefully dancing
over the flames as the
heat refused to strike
his skin. The child strode
forward and approached
the High Advocate, the
blue of his eyes
overpowering the fiery
light emanating from the
flames.

“You... were supposed
to die! This test was
never meant to be passed
by you! You’re a boy, a
mistake, your birth was a
defiance to my will, you
are a testament to the
weakness of humanity!
You shall stay here until
you die Richard, my will
shall not be challenged
again!” The High
Advocate’s voice was
frantic as he glared
hysterically at the child,
spitting his words like
acid.

“No father, your will
shall never again have its
chance to be challenged.
Step aside, my armies
await me.” Richard began
to stride towards the
entrance, his flayed
clothing matted to his
burned and charred skin,
reeking of death and
flesh born ash.

“You are your mother’s child, Richard. It is only fitting that she be allowed to raise you now.” The High Advocate grinned as he approached the steadfast child, raising his gauntlets to the air. The High Advocate struck the child with unrelenting fury, raining blow after blow upon the fragile and burned form.

The child buckled under the force of the strikes, and blood flowed freely from his battered and beaten skull. The reign of blows did not stop, and in a short time, the child lay motionless on the cave floor. Blood stained Richard’s now crimson hair; the light of his eyes slowly fading into nothingness.

“Perhaps my next son shall be less of a disappointment.” The High Advocate spat on the boy’s body and strode out of the heated cavern in now confident footsteps.

Chapter Six- Forgotten Paths

“Richard, wake up, your home now.” The voice of an aged man dancing through the child’s consciousness resonated loudly through his thoughts. The voice floated gently, awakening him from his rest, beads of tears formed at the sides of his dull blue eyes, threatening to flow freely across his face.

“Who are you? I think I know who I am... I want to go home to bed.” The boy spoke in a now childish tone, his voice shaking as his lower lip quivered and his head wound began to throb.

“I am Zel, your uncle, Richard. You had quite the fall, we need to get you back home, your already missing your reading lessons, you should have been half way through Virtue already.” the old man chuckled as he stroked the boys forehead, gently and discretely casting a calming spell over the child, watching as he drifted back to sleep.

“Richard, you shall be a child, I shall raise you as your mother intended me too, I am glad you are my nephew, and not my enemy. It is better that you do not remember what you were, a building built upon false foundations will never rise.” The old man moved the edge of the blanket towards the boy’s chin, smiling as he looked down upon the sleeping child... his child.

“I’m the greatest warrior!” A boy yelled to a flushed dark haired child dancing around a tree, waving a sword’s length branch in the air.

”No, I am!” A young black haired boy of the same age yelled back at his friend.

”You can’t be, your going

to be a dusty old scribe,
just like your father!”

”I am not; I'm gonna be
the greatest warrior who
ever lived! I'll... I'll... be
able to lift
this entire island... and...
and... crush all of Caina
with it!”

”Nuh uh, Richard's gonna
be a dusty old scribe!”

”No, I will! I will become
a warrior, you'll see!”

The dark haired boy's
eyes began to well up,
tears threatened to break
through his glassy vision
and stain his face. The
two boys yelled back and
forth while waving sticks
in the air in a comical
imitation of swordplay.

“Richard!” The sharp
voice of an elderly man
danced through the air,
implanting itself firmly in
Richard's ear, as if the
words themselves had
been forged by magic.

“There is someone here
whom you should meet, I
have called him here on
your behalf, return home
immediately, and bring
your “sword”.” The last
words of the old mans
sentence carried a touch
of humor, as well as
shock, as Richard eyed
the branch in his hand.
His uncle never ceased to
surprise him with his
magic; everything from
making his garden grow
at whim, to pestering the
beggars with a floating
coin, his uncle was full of
tricks. Richard arose, and
eyeing his light haired
friend, who now had his
tongue stuck out at him

in a mocking gesture,
began to head towards
home, his face red with
embarrassment.

Upon his arrival, Richard
spotted a large and
lightly armored figure
standing in the entrance
of the house, speaking
with his uncle in
humorous tones. Richard
approached shyly, slowly
inching his way to his
uncle's side, eyeing the
soldier with awe.

“So this is the young
lad eh? He looks strong
enough...gods above, he
definitely looks strong
enough, are you sure this
boy came from a mages
loins?” The man laughed
slightly while still eyeing
the child, who stood in
intense awe of the
soldier he now knew to
be a paladin of Lord
British.